





Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2016

https://archive.org/details/lehighburr18961816unse_9

The

Dr W H Chandler jun 97

Lehigh

Burns

Contents.

	PAGE		PAGE
EDITORIAL,	105	EDITOR'S TABLE,	112
A REMINISCENCE OF A RUSH,	106	COMMUNICATION,	112
VERSE—THE MAKING OF HEROES,	107	VERSE—AT THE LIGHTHOUSE,	112
A MEMORY,	108	VERSE—THE LITTLE BLIND GOD,	112
THE LAST SHIRT,	109	DE ALUMNIS,	113
THE GOSSIP,	111	CLIPPINGS,	113



ADVERTISEMENTS

THE LEHIGH UNIVERSITY.

SOUTH BETHLEHEM, PA.

THOMAS MESSINGER DROWN, LL.D., President.

THE UNIVERSITY OFFERS THE FOLLOWING COURSES :

I. IN GENERAL LITERATURE.

1. The Classical Course.
2. The Latin-Scientific Course.
3. The Course in Science and Letters.

II. IN TECHNOLOGY.

1. The Course in Civil Engineering.
2. The Course in Mechanical Engineering.
- 3, 4. The Course in Mining Engineering and Metallurgy.
5. The Course in Electrical Engineering.
6. The Course in Analytical Chemistry.
7. The Course in Architecture.

The University is situated at South Bethlehem, on the Lehigh River, at the junction of the Lehigh Valley and the Reading (North Pennsylvania) Railroads.

New York is ninety-two and Philadelphia fifty-seven miles distant.

For further information and for Register, address

THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNIVERSITY.

THE LEHIGH BURR.

VOL. XVI.

MAY 21, 1897.

NO. 11.

PUBLISHED FORTNIGHTLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR.

EDITORS.

WENTWORTH G. HARE, '98, Editor-in-Chief.

HORATIO F. BROWN, '98, Business Manager, *pro tem.*

_____, Assistant Business Manager.

HARRY L. ADAMS, '98.

JOHN B. LINDSEY, '98.

FRANK H. GUNSOLUS, '98.

LEE H. MARSHALL, '98.

CARROLL W. QUARRIER, '98.

FREDERICK A. PERLEY, '98.

MARTIN S. STOCKETT, '98.

DAVID H. CHILDS, '98.

RUSSELL KIMBALL, '99.

JOHN W. GRACE, JR., '99.

GEORGE L. ROBINSON, '99.

RICHARD C. BECERRA, '99.

GEORGE B. WILLIAMS, '99.

JAMES C. HOLDERNESS, '99.

REGINALD W. BOURS, 1900.

JOHN K. DIGBY, 1900.

RICHARD A. WARNER, 1900.

Address, Editor-in-Chief, Delaware Avenue, South Bethlehem, Pa.

Business Manager, Delaware Avenue, South Bethlehem, Pa.

Terms, \$2.25 per year; \$1.75 if paid before February 1st.

EDITORIAL.

VENERUNT, Viderunt, Vicimus! Lehigh has again shown her superiority over her two rivals on the lacrosse field by once more winning the championship of the Inter-Collegiate Lacrosse Association. Although she has not yet played Stevens, still she has won a most glorious victory over Johns Hopkins, who, only a week before, had defeated Stevens by a very large score. Should Stevens defeat our team next Saturday at Hoboken, which is highly improbable, we will still retain the championship due to the fact that we were victorious in both games last year.

The game was very exciting and hotly contested from beginning to end. Both teams showing the result of hard training. Johns Hopkins excelled ours in running, but our stick and team work was far superior to theirs.

Twice only did Lehigh seem to lack the vim and dash which is so characteristic of our lacrosse team; but when they found it necessary to play harder in order to win, they did not neglect the summons, but showed the true Lehigh spirit by playing all the better.

Too much credit cannot be given to our efficient coach, Tim Kirk, under whose careful guidance the team won a victory which is near and dear to every Lehigh man.

IN glancing over the new *Epitome* one is immediately struck by the fact that the 'Ninety-eight Board went to work with the intention of giving some entirely new features to this year's annual. They certainly have departed from the beaten track of former years and have placed a book on the market which is equal to, if not better than, any of its predecessors.

Its artistic work is its strong point, most of the drawings being excellent.

The introduction of a short, humorous account of the various courses is a good idea, and should be followed by succeeding boards.

Altogether, the book may be termed a success. If it has a weak point, it is in the literary portion, which is rather scant.

THE report comes to us on good authority that the Mustard and Cheese Dramatic Association intends to repeat its recent performance of "The Ulster," some time around Commencement this year. We hear that numerous requests for a repetition have been received by the management, and these, together with the large number of Alumni and friends of the graduating class who are usually present, would seem to augur well for the success of this undertaking. At any rate it is

a novel feature, and that in itself is a recommendation.

We would suggest, if the talked-over step is taken, that there be a radical change in the clothing of those who take women's parts, namely, that their costumes be something more than a heterogeneous mixture of feminine garments thrown together as if the main idea were simply to cover the limbs of the wearers.

WHERE is that wonderful baseball team of ours that made such an enviable record on its Southern trip? Is it possible that they have forgotten everything that Bannon taught them? It seems they have.

Bannon was the best base-ball coach Lehigh has ever had. He gave the team the best of advice, which they should follow by all means. It is certainly not doing the college, the coach, or themselves justice, by playing the way they have been.

As long as Bannon was with them, the men played good, hard, conscientious ball, but as soon as he left they began to wrangle with one another, and to find fault with each others playing. Some of the players go so far as to talk back to the captain if he even offers a suggestion as to what they should do. Such a state of affairs is most lamentable. If the team has enough confidence in a man to elect him their leader, they certainly should treat him with respect to say the least, and not "talk back" if they are "jumped on."

We regret to say the team plays like a lot of "preps," the men seeming not to use their heads, especially in base-running. This was very noticeable in the Princeton game on our home grounds, when the bases were full and only one man out.

For the sake of Lehigh, brace up! Stop all of this petty wrangling, and try to play a team game as you did at first. You can do it and the college knows you can, so don't disappoint them.

A REMINISCENCE OF A RUSH.

IT was the morning of Founder's Day after chapel and I was standing in the hotel office thinking of the contest that afternoon. Across the way some brown and white posters informed the public that the annual Cane Spree between the Sophomores and Freshmen would take place that afternoon on the Athletic Field. I was just about to leave the hotel when a well-dressed, prosperous looking gentleman of about thirty-five, who was standing by me, pointed to the posters and asked what they meant. I did my best to explain to him how the Cane Spree had taken the place of the old Cane Rush.

"And do you not have any more rushes?" he asked.

"None on the college grounds," I replied, "a rush on the campus means expulsion for any student caught in it. We usually manage

to get one the day college opens, but we are pretty careful to have it outside the gates."

My friend, who seemed to be in rather a reminiscent mood, mused awhile and then said: "When I was a Sophomore at W——, about fifteen years ago, things were quite different; we used to have plenty of rushes and hard fought ones they were, I can tell you. We thought we were simply invincible. The day college opened we had a rush right after chapel and fairly wiped up the campus with the 'Freshies.' They had a larger class than we but were greatly our inferiors in organization. However our day was fast approaching.

"Early one morning a few of us stole out and put up a banner on a large flag-pole which stood on the campus, and by chapel time we had quite a crowd of 'Sophs' to guard it. The minutes slipped by and yet no Freshmen. We

were about to leave in disgust when we saw, to our amazement and chagrin, at least half the class coming in a body. They were considerably in the majority, but it was now too late to withdraw, so we prepared to do our dirtiest. On they came at a walk until within about twenty yards, when they gave a yell and broke into a run, and we met with a crash.

"To a college man the scene that followed was a thrilling one, and even as I think of it now the blood rushes to my temples. One tall, athletic Freshman made a dash and was just starting up the pole when I grappled him. As I did so he took me one between the eyes, but I managed to hold on and down we went, I on top of him. How we ever escaped being serious injured I don't know.

"After a few vain attempts I managed to disengage myself from my antagonist's grasp and struggle to my feet, but as I rose the crowd gave a lurch and I accidentally trod on his arm, forcing it down with all my weight upon the rough stones which were lying about. I heard an exclamation of pain, caught a glimpse of a crimson stain on his shirt sleeve, and then I was carried away by the surging mass around the pole.

"Well, the end of it was, we were licked. The Freshmen succeeded in driving us away long enough to tear down the banner and that ended the rush. We retired rather crest-fallen, and, on the way home, as I nursed my injured features, I registered a solemn vow that the next time I met the Freshman who had smashed me between the eyes, either I would "do"

him or he would "do" me. However, he must have left college soon after that, as I never saw him during the rest of my course.

"I was graduated from W—— and for past ten years have been practicing law, and am now at the head of a firm. My partner, Jack, is about two years younger than I am. One day, a week or so ago, as we were washing our hands before going to lunch, I noticed for the first time a scar on his right arm above the elbow.

"‘How did you come by that?’ I asked casually.

"‘That,’ said he, ‘is the remnant of my only Freshman rush at W——. I don't know whether I ever told you so, but I went there and was forced to leave in about two weeks on account of sickness. I have been on the lookout ever since for the fellow who gave it to me. I took him one good one between the eyes when he grabbed me and have always longed to give him just a few more like it.’

"‘Jack,’ said I, ‘I believe that I am the fellow who gave you that scar, and you are the chap whose fist marks I carried on my nose for so long after the rush, and whom I swore to thrash next time we met.’

"We looked at each other in mutual surprise for a few seconds and then both burst out laughing. As soon as Jack had regained his composure, he turned to me and said: ‘Well, Bob, I guess the beers are on me, come on and we'll drink to our first meeting, and our eternal friendship, ‘bad beginning good ending, you know.’ And we did.”

THE MAKING OF HEROES.

WHEN sad, sad yearnings fill the heart,
And turn bright day to twilight dim,
And light and hope alike depart.
When not one single lingering ray
Remains of the departed day,
To thee the struggling soul forlorn.
Then do your duty, fight the fight
With all your power, strength and might.
’Tis then that heroes true are born.

A MEMORY.

IN the rough region he was a newcomer, reserved and quiet with an air of punctilious aristocracy which savored badly to the tough, hardy people he had come to join. Caste has no place in the bitter turmoil for a goal which reigns in those far-away places, where you may say the ostracized of humanity come to seek in material wealth a palliation of their misfortunes and disappointments. Creatures of all sorts and pasts, we lived in the easy equality which the communion of our ambition made inevitable.

One day he arrived amongst us without letter or credentials, he needed them not, and imitating us had set his claim and begun work. But somehow or other, as I said before, he did not assimilate well to our heterogeneous mass. The roughness was not there, and, though physically he seemed strong and ready, something in his face, something in his manner which marks refinement, so well showed us that we had to do with what the men called a "dude."

In the camp only one person had gained his intimacy and friendship, that person was myself, for it was only I who had dared to break through his reserved and quiet mien. I don't remember what trivial matter gave me the occasion, but I do remember the look of gratitude and friendship which rewarded me. After that we were good comrades.

Friendship lives in the essence of the present and needs no past, neither he nor I ever referred to those other days when life might have been sweeter and things better. If, during the hours of our intimacy, the conversation at times turned on subjects which brought us very near the old scenes over which we had each thrown a veil, our chat would cease, and the rest of our thoughts would fly away in silence like the little clouds of white smoke from our pipes. Had he deep scars to heal like myself? I knew not, nor even asked, for

sorrow is a religion deep and profound, with an altar whose seat lies in each one's heart.

It is our trivialities, our slight disappointments that we tell, never our great sorrows; they die with us.

Thus we lived in comparative happiness, our material progress gradually lulling us into the hope of better days for the future, with the outside world we had little, if any, relations. Some days the old mule coach would roll in, bringing letters for several of the men, and at long, very long intervals one for him. It was one of these occasions that has ever been tragically impressed upon my heart.

We had finished our work and were out sitting upon stools in front of our tents enjoying the splendor of a May evening, when, with jingling bells, and much dust and noise, the mail coach rolled in. "A letter for ——," said some one, and my friend stood up and received it. "May it bring you good news," I said. He only echoed my words and walked into the tent, while I sat down and continued the current of thought interrupted by the incident.

I know not what freak of the mind and heart turned my moodings to a far place in the east where not long ago one person had played such part in my sad life. I know not what mysterious power willed that I should again see scenes that were so soon to find an sequel in reality. I only know that I sat musing and nearly crying when a short groan whose noise still rings in my ears sounded, and I heard something like a stifled cry, something like the fall of a heavy body.

I rushed into the tent. "Oh, my friend! many days, yes months and years have passed, but still that scene is vivid before my eyes, my horrified eyes, yes, I see myself kneeling at the side of your lifeless body holding your hand, while nature outside in its beautiful calm mocks my sorrow and despair.

"When I left you I closed over your cold hands a little photo, which I had till then kept next to my heart, and went away wondering if the echoes of two shattered lives would mean her wedding bells."

THE LAST SHIRT.

THE lineal descendant of Confucious, who answered to the name of Wun Lung, had lived in town for years. He had been there so long that his name had become interwoven with some of the traditions of the place. Every one patronized him; away back in the seventies when the ivy on the new wing of Dermott Hall had not climbed three feet from the ground, Wun Lung was doing business in his stuffy little laundry. "Jim" Dudley, '84, "Dan" Simmons, '76, "Ted" Waters, '78, all those fellows used to get their shirts laundered there before they went to call on Miss Walker. In short, Wun Lung and his colored woman assistant had a monopoly, or what is better known as "a lead pipe cinch." Most of the fellows said he had a "sewer pipe cinch," and corroborated their statements by exhibiting their linen.

Lung was a unique Chinaman. He never wore the loose flowing robes of his oriental brothers, but skipped gaily through the streets at night in a cut-away and patent leathers. This looked suspicious; it led to the appointment of an investigating committee, members of which "shadowed" poor Lung for the space of two weeks. The results of the committee's vigilance were duly set forth before their chairman, and, with the exception of a few trifling discoveries, could be concentrated into this: Wun Lung was not in the habit of encumbering the movements of his feet by the usual covering of socks.

Wun Lung was never without a clean shirt, which shirt, by a strange coincidence, always bore the initials of some one of his customers. Two remarkable discoveries.

After unearthing these disgusting facts about Wun Lung, did the fellows all leave him and his business alone? No, Wun Lung had a monopoly; it was Wun Lung or nobody. It was only when the crafty Chinaman became so bold as to seize upon the garments perma-

nently that the imposition they were suffering was fully realized by his customers. Before, every one could arrange to let Lung have his shirt during times when he did not need it, particularly himself; now nobody had a shirt except Wun Lung.

Things had come to such a pass that the men were absolutely desperate; but still Wun Lung had his monopoly—they could get nobody else. As a consequence of the law of supply and demand, the value of laundered shirts became something unheard of. Starting at two dollars, the price of a shirt advanced by hops until stick pins, rings, revolvers, and gold watches were exchanged gladly for a single shirt. Every mail carried away hundreds of letters addressed to the homes of the sufferers crying for shirts.

This continued a short while and then the number of available shirts becoming even smaller, a clean laundered shirt became invaluable. Refusing to accept money or articles of jewelry, the owner of a shirt would be attacked and beaten and his shirt seized upon. Finally the only one in college was owned by Tom Sellers, right half on the 'Varsity, who had earned his shirt by right of conquest and maintained its ownership by having the presence of mind to insert it in the stove pipe (the fire being out) when a riotous mob called on him with urgent demands for the garment. This shirt called on Miss Walker four consecutive nights, first enveloping Tom Sellers, and then his three most intimate friends, successively.

But matters could not continue like this; the secret of the stove pipe was discovered, and the last shirt died a death, violent like that of the last of the Mohicans, in the hands of two struggling factions. The great athlete, Tom Sellers, was overpowered and his shirt dragged from him by piecemeal. So in war

do men destroy what they cannot use themselves.

Gathered together in consultation until the old bell in the tower had dismally struck three, were a band of shirtless sufferers. They had suffered at the hands of Wun Lung; now Wun Lung would suffer at theirs. Their leader arose and tapping on the table before him, "Tomorrow," he said, "Tomorrow vengeance is ours. Be in your places at the appointed hour. We will raid Wun Lung."

As from a single *throat*, but with the strength of a thousand lungs, came the word, "Amen." It filled the room, filled the hall outside, it crossed the campus and down in the town it burst with all its force upon the ear of the sleeping Chinaman. He awoke, shuddered, and thought of all his sins—of all the shirts he had stolen. Then all was still.

They were faithful to their trust; at the hour of nine P. M. each was in his place. Wun Lung was hopelessly hemmed in on all sides. Through the blinding rain could be seen the faint glimmer of a light in his window, and inside a figure, indistinctly seen through the half-closed shutters. The wind howled mournfully through the trees and blew the rain in the faces of the sentinels at their posts.

A soft, low whistle was heard. Then could be discovered a dark form stealing cautiously toward Wun Lung's door.

Suddenly the door flew open, the light within went out, the dark form paused an instant on the threshold, then leaped within.

Instantly the door was filled with desperate men thirsting for revenge. The windows, too, at the back were emptying into the room a squirming mass of human flesh. Upon the floor lay struggling two forms, Tom Sellers and —

"Tu'n me loose, I tell yo' sar, I'll bre'k ev'y bone in yo' body." Tom Sellers struggled to his feet, a light was struck and by its flicker-

ing light the raiders saw Lucinda Hepburn rise to her feet in all her African dignity. She looked about at the surprised and angry faces turned toward her. She saw revenge written in every face. She saw it carven on the broom handles and clubs brandished about her. She trembled with fear, and, darky or no darky, she turned pale as the sheet she had been ironing.

"Where's Wun Lung?" asked a dozen voices savagely.

Seeing that her employer, and not herself, was the object of all these hostile demonstrations, Lucinda was reassured. Her face generally assumed its raven-like lustre. This reaction was too much for her, however, she burst out into a hysteric laugh; her whole body shook as she drew back a step or two, and collapsed weak and still laughing, into a chair.


"Where's Wun Lung?" was repeated. The colored woman recovered herself sufficiently to speak.

"What yo' gemmens want?"

Then she succumbed again for a moment, blurting out disconnectedly, "I 'speck yo' gemmens hev-tew-hev-tew 'scuse me—I's—I's-got 'sterics," and she was off again, laughing helplessly under the intoxicating effects of hysteria.

This was too much for even that angry mob to withstand. This old colored woman with a red handkerchief tied over her hair, arms akimbo, pitching helplessly from side to side, half laughing, half crying and vainly trying to speak. That sight would have brought a smile to the face of the soberest judge. They laughed.

By a herculean effort Lucinda recovered herself somewhat. "Mistah Lung's done gone off at seben o'clock dis even'," she said, and then fell to laughing again, muttering something about being "'scused 'count o' 'sterics."



THE GOSSIP.

IT is one of The Gossip's favorite customs to stroll into the large Mechanical Drawing Room between hours, and visit the Freshmen there who are busily engaged making drawings of odd bits of scrap iron. A very few questions will generally elicit a long list of the difficulties which confront the young would-be M.E.

"My dear Gossip," said one, "is this really a very tough subject to pass? I find it awfully hard to catch onto. One of the chief things that bothers me are the calculations."

The Gossip was at a loss to know exactly what calculations were involved in making a drawing of a connecting rod or a lathe face-plate. However, dim recollections of dividing by two, in reducing to half scale, dawned on his mind, and he thought he began to comprehend.

"Only last week," the Freshman continued, "I had to draw a cylinder cover half size, and I got it nearly finished before I found out that it was wrong to put in only half the number of bolt holes. I handed this plate in yesterday, but had it returned with big, blue pencil marks all over it for not putting in any holes in the nuts. My goodness! but it is discouraging at first. Will it always be as hard as this, Gossip?"

The Gossip tried his best to assure his young friend that things would brighten up later on and went away musing upon the great difference that experience makes, his thoughts meanwhile going back to the time when even Freshman Freehand seemed hard, and when it was a question in his mind as to whether he would ever be able to pass Hygiene.

Yes, the other day, The Gossip felt real happy. He went to the game and could hardly believe what he saw. Some of those beautiful shade trees that so artistically formed a hedge about the athletic field were gone. Some one told The Gossip that a noble band, under the command of a certain George Washington, went forth to conquer. They met the trees and according to the example of their leader, they buried their hatchet deep into the heart of those slender saplings. So is it always with tyrants and The Gossip hopes that the little band will continue their good work. He asks pardon of those who are working so hard to introduce Arbor Day, but he does not think they ever meant that trees should be planted on an athletic field.

* * *

The Gossip is a great base-ball enthusiast and he has taken great pleasure in attending the games played here this season. Although there are a great many improvements he could suggest, as a new diamond, a new grandstand and a few other things, still he enjoys the games very much.

There was one thing The Gossip does not like and which he thinks ought to be stopped and that is, those silly, childish remarks made in the presence of the visiting teams. These men are our guests, and it is our duty to treat them as such. Let them see that, if we are fairly and squarely beaten, we can take it in right good spirit and do not heap upon them those sweet, endearing terms which only show how keen our disappointment is. Ask the members of our own teams what they think about this matter and you will find they have the same opinion as The Gossip.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

WE see, by a recent issue of *The Lafayette*, that the University of Pennsylvania has fallen under the displeasure of that aforesaid institution, on account of "those unfair intercollegiate tactics, which have placed her (U. of P.) in a position of estrangement and unfriendliness among the leading colleges of the land."

We should think, that when any discussion arose which involved the subject of purity in athletics, our esteemed friends down the river would follow the example of "bre'r rabbit" and "lie low," instead of stirring up such a discussion all by themselves. However, there is no accounting for tastes.

We would recommend you, Lafayette, to bethink yourself of a certain very, very old proverb which refers to the substances known as "glass" and "stones," and when you recollect it, please apply it to yourself.

COMMUNICATIONS.

[The editors are not responsible for any opinions expressed in this column. No anonymous articles published.]

EDITORS LEHIGH BURR:—About three months ago an important college meeting was held, the object of which was to discuss the present honor system. The ballots which were then distributed should all be handed in by this time, and yet no announcement has been made of the outcome of the vote.

Now, this question is of the most vital importance to the college, for the honor and good name of Lehigh is dear to her undergraduates. Why has this all-important matter been allowed to pass out of our notice? If the delay is due to tardy votes, it seems more or less absurd to wait for them at this late date. Those who have not yet taken enough interest in the matter to cast their votes before now, have proved themselves unfit to cast a vote at all.

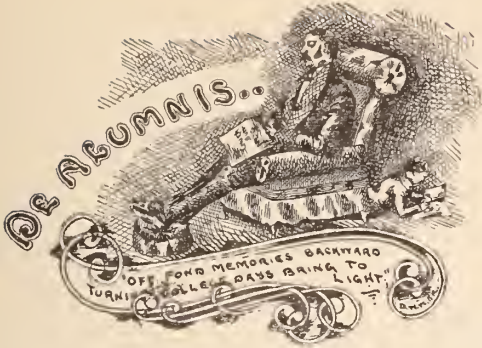
Urgent.

AT THE LIGHTHOUSE.

"HOW do you get provisions here?"
The dude of the keeper asked.
"We raise 'em," quoth the jolly tar,
With a smile but dimly masked.
"But how?" the nobby dude inquired.
The sailor with a sigh replied,
"Sonny, you make me tired;
You can see for yourself, no need to ask it.
We raise our grub by means of a basket."

THE LITTLE BLIND GOD.

THAT true love is blind, it is oftentimes said;
But the vision is sharpened, I swear;
For with love in one's heart, the new eyes in one's
head,
Find virtues which never were there.



—E. L. Faison, '95, has a government position at South McAllaster, Kan.

—H. L. Bowman, '85, has changed his residence to Harrisburg, Pa. Address care of Y. M. C. A.

—F. L. Grammer, '89, has left the Lackawanna Steel Company at Lebanon, and is superintendent of the Duquesne Furnaces, Duquesne, Pa.

—G. T. Richards, '87, is with Drake, Stratton & Co., Conestoga Building, Pittsburg, Pa.

—W. H. Woods, '87, has changed his address to 212 Bullitt Building, Philadelphia, Pa.

—J. C. Dick, '95, is with the Kansas and Texas Coal Co., at Pittsburg, Kan.

—W. Hopkins, '95, is with the Carborundum Co., at Morgan Falls, N. Y.

—The five-year class reunion of the class of '92 will be held in Bethlehem during the coming commencement week. All members are requested to communicate at once with the Secretary, C. M. Case, 55 Chamber of Commerce, Minneapolis, Minn.

CLIPPINGS.

HE'S AWFUL.

I think that Harry's awful!
 I'd never have thought, yet
 He put his arms around me
 The very first time we met!
 I think that he's too awful!
 Why, last night in the grand
 Old right and left, he really—
 He really squeezed my hand!
 I think that Harry's awful!
 Last night he kissed me twice!
 I think that he's just awful,
 But I think he's awful nice. —*Chips*.

A TOAST.

God fare you, merry gentlemen,
 God keep you strong alway;
 And ere we part a stirrup cup
 To this, my toast, with glasses up
 And none to say us nay!
 Adown the jolly stream of life
 May we all safely glide;
 A friend—a loyal, lusty friend—
 To joys and griefs divide;
 A maid with curls of shimmering gold
 And eyes of heaven's blue;
 A glass to cheer the passing hour,
 Sparkling like the sun-kissed dew!
 May the friend be ever faithful,
 The maid no sorrow blight,
 The wine be good as this we quaff!
 Merry gentlemen, good night.

—*University of Virginia Magazine*.

QUATRAIN.

They said he was a student deep,
 And this is true I think,
 For ne'er a shallow man could hold
 Such quantities of drink.

—*The Morning Side*.

WHY IT IS BETTER.

'Tis better to have loved and lost
 The poet sings in plaintive rhyme.
 Of course it is, for then you can
 Make love another time.

—*Ex.*

"Why look you so intently?"
 She asked in accents terse.
 "I love to scan your perfect form."
 Quoth she, "I'm not averse!"

—*Ex.*

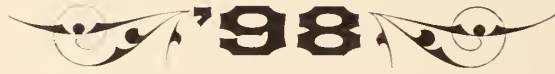
AVE MARIA.

The lingering flush of day's last blush
 Is lost in the shadows falling;
 While sweet and low, and soft and slow,
 The vesper chimes are calling,
 An evening hymn which faintly breathes
 In its golden tones, a silent prayer,
 From out the great cathedral dome,
 Drifts through the summer air.

In the throng below, as they come and go,
 Men pause in their hurried turning;
 And a sigh of rest swells in each breast,
 To cool the heart's dull burning.
 "Ave Maria!" O song divine!
 Bearing away life's load of care
 On the dying strain, as it fades away
 Upon the evening air. —*Dartmouth Lit.*

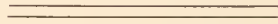
THE LEHIGH BURR.

The Lehigh Epitome



IS NOW ON SALE

at the
Campus,
Supply Bureau,
Bethlehem and South Bethlehem
Bookstores.



Unusually handsome cover,
Beautiful artistic work,
Some entirely new features,
Plenty of gags,
Quotations and literary matter.

Price, \$1.50.

